A TIM BURTON FILM

JOHNNY DEPP
IS

SWEENEY TODD
THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET

DREAMWORKS PICTURES AND WARNER BROS. PICTURES PRESENT A PARKES/MACDONALD PRODUCTION A ZANUCK COMPANY PRODUCTION

JOHNNY DEPP HELENA BONHAM CARTER ALAN RICKMAN "SWEENEY TODD THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET" TIMOTHY SPALL AND SACHA BARON COHEN

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY STEPHEN SONDHEIM BASED ON THE MUSICAL BY STEPHEN SONDHEIM AND HUGH WHEELER ORIGINALLY STAGED BY HAROLD PRINCE FROM AN ADAPTATION BY CHRISTOPHER BOND CO-PRODUCER KATTERLI FRAUENFELDER

COSTUME DESIGNER COLLEEN ATWOOD EDITED BY CHRIS LEBENZON, A.C.E. PRODUCTION DESIGN BY DANTE FERRETTI DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY DARIUSZ WOLSKI, ASC EXECUTIVE PRODUCER PATRICK McCORMICK

PRODUCED BY RICHARD D. ZANUCK WALTER PARKES LAURIE MACDONALD JOHN LOGAN SCREENPLAY BY JOHN LOGAN DIRECTED BY TIM BURTON

WARNER BROS. PICTURES

SweeneyToddMovie.com

DREAMWORKS PICTURES®

© 2007 DreamWorks LLC and Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. All Rights Reserved.

CAST

Sweeney Todd	Johnny Depp
Mrs. Lovett	Helena Bonham Carter
Judge Turpin	Alan Rickman
Beadle Bamford	Timothy Spall
Signor Adolfo Pirelli	Sacha Baron Cohen
Johanna	Jayne Wisener
Anthony Hope	Jamie Campbell Bower
Beggar Woman	Laura Michelle Kelly
Tobias Ragg	Edward Sanders

Conducted by Paul Gemignani

Orchestrations by Jonathan Tunick

Album Produced by Mike Higham

TRACKS

1.	Opening Title	
2.	No Place Like London	*Anthony, Sweeney Todd*
3.	The Worst Pies in London	*Mrs. Lovett*
4.	Poor Thing	*Mrs. Lovett*
5.	My Friends	*Sweeney Todd, Mrs. Lovett*
6.	Green Finch and Linnet Bird	*Johanna*
7.	Alms! Alms!	*Beggar Woman*
8.	Johanna	*Anthony*
9.	Pirelli's Miracle Elixir	*Tobias, Sweeney Todd, Mrs. Lovett*
10.	The Contest	*Pirelli*
11.	Wait	*Mrs. Lovett*
12.	Ladies in Their Sensitivities	*Beadle*
13.	Pretty Women	*Judge Turpin, Sweeney Todd*
14.	Epiphany	*Sweeney Todd*
15.	A Little Priest	*Mrs. Lovett, Sweeney Todd*
16.	Johanna	*Anthony, Sweeney Todd, Beggar Woman*
17.	God, That's Good!	*Tobias, Mrs. Lovett*
18.	By the Sea	*Mrs. Lovett, Sweeney Todd*
19.	Not While I'm Around	*Tobias, Mrs. Lovett*
20.	Final Scene	*Mrs. Lovett, Sweeney Todd, Beggar Woman, Judge Turpin*

A NOTE
BY TIM BURTON

Of all musicals, *Sweeney Todd* is my favorite.

The opportunity to create a film that is a combination of horror movie and musical was very exciting. It provided me with the chance to tap into the Hammer horror films as well as the old Universal films with actors like Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, Lon Chaney. I believe *Sweeney Todd* is in the same league as characters presented in those films.

We tried to capture the essence and spirit of the Stephen Sondheim musical while at the same time creating something different for the film version. What makes these recordings so unique is that they are performed by actors who for the most part had no formal musical training. I believe this gives the songs a different dimension than any previous version.

My sincere thanks to the amazing cast and crew for helping bring this story to life.

1. OPENING TITLE
(instrumental)

2. NO PLACE LIKE LONDON

Anthony
I have sailed the world, beheld its wonders
From the Dardanelles
To the mountains of Peru,
But there's no place like London—!

Todd
No, there's no place like London.

Anthony
Mr. Todd...?

Todd
You are young.
Life has been kind to you.
You will learn.

There's a hole in the world
Like a great black pit
And the vermin of the world
Inhabit it
And its morals aren't worth
What a pig could spit
And it goes by the name of London.

At the top of the hole
Sit the privileged few,
Making mock of the vermin
In the lower zoo,
Turning beauty into filth and greed.
I too
Have sailed the world and seen its wonders,
For the cruelty of men
Is as wondrous as Peru,
But there's no place like London!

Anthony
Is everything alright, Mr. Todd?

Todd
I beg your indulgence, Anthony. My mind is far from easy. In these once-familiar streets I feel shadows everywhere.

There was a barber and his wife,
And she was beautiful.
A foolish barber and his wife.
She was his reason and his life,
And she was beautiful.
And she was virtuous.
And he was—
Naive.

There was another man who saw
That she was beautiful,
A pious vulture of the law,
Who with a gesture of his claw
Removed the barber from his plate.
Then there was nothing but to wait
And she would fall,
So soft,
So young,
So lost,
And oh, so beautiful!

Anthony
And the lady, sir, did she succumb?

Todd
Oh, that was many years ago...
I doubt if anyone would know.

I'd like to thank you, Anthony.
If you hadn't spotted me, I would be lost on the ocean still.

Anthony
Will I see you again?

Todd
You might find me, if you like, around Fleet Street, I wouldn't wonder.

Anthony
Until then, my friend.

Todd
There's a hole in the world
Like a great black pit
And it's filled with people
Who are filled with shit
And the vermin of the world
Inhabit it...

Mrs. Lovett's

3. THE WORST PIES IN LONDON

Mrs. Lovett
A customer!

Wait! What's yer rush?
What's yer hurry?
You gave me such a—
Fright. I thought you was a ghost.
Half a minute, can'tcher?
Sit!
Sit ye down!
Sit!
All I meant is that I
Haven't seen a customer for weeks.
Did you come in for a pie, sir?
Do forgive me if me head's a little vague—
What is that?
But you'd think we had the plague—
From the way that people—
Keep avoiding–
No you don't!
Heaven knows I try, sir!
But there's no one comes in even to inhale—
Right you are you are, sir. Would you like
a drop of ale?

Mind you, I can't hardly blame them—
These are probably the worst pies in London.
I know why nobody cares to take them—
I *should* know,
I make them.
But good? No,
The worst pies in London—
Even that's polite.
The worst pies in London—
If you doubt it, take a bite.

Is that just disgusting?
You have to concede it.
It's nothing but crusting—
Here, drink this, you'll need it—
The worst pies in London.

And no wonder with the price of
Meat what it is—
When you get it.
Never
Though I'd live to see the day men'd
think it was a treat

Finding poor
Animals
Wot are dying in the street.

Mrs. Mooney has a pie shop,
Does a business, but I notice something weird—
Lately all her neighbors' cats have disappeared.
Have to hand it to her—
Wot I calls
Enterprise,
Popping pussies into pies.
Wouldn't do in my shop—
Just the thought of it's enough to make you sick.
And I'm telling you them pussy cats is quick.

No denying times is hard, sir—
Even harder than
The worst pies in London.
Only lard and nothing more—
Is that just revolting?
All greasy and gritty,
It looks like it's molting,
And tastes like—

Well, pity
A woman alone
With limited wind
And the worst pies in London!

Ah sir,
Times is hard. Times is hard.

4. POOR THING

Todd
You've got a room over the shop, haven't you?
If times are so hard, why don't you rent it out?

Mrs. Lovett
People think it's haunted.

Todd
Haunted?

Mrs. Lovett
Yeah, and who's to say they're wrong? You see,
years ago, something happened up there.
Something not very nice.

There was a barber and his wife,
And he was beautiful,
A proper artist with a knife,
But they transported him for life.
And he was beautiful...

Barker his name was—Benjamin Barker.

Todd
What was his crime?

Mrs. Lovett
Foolishness.

He had this wife, you see,
Pretty little thing.
Silly little nit
Had her chance for the moon on a string—
Poor thing. Poor thing.

There was this Judge, you see,
Wanted her like mad.
Every day he'd send her a flower,
But did she come down from her tower?
Sat up there and sobbed by the hour,
Poor fool.

Ah, but there was worse yet to come—
Poor thing.

The Beadle calls on her, all polite,
Poor thing, poor thing.
The Judge, he tells her, is all contrite,
He blames himself for her dreadful plight,
She must come straight to his house tonight!
Poor thing, poor thing.

Of course, when she goes there,
Poor thing, poor thing,
They're having this ball all in masks.
There's no one she knows there,
Poor dear, poor thing.
She wanders tormented, and drinks,
Poor thing.
The Judge has repented, she thinks,
Poor thing.
"Oh, where is Judge Turpin?" she asks.
He was there, all right—
Only not so contrite!

She wasn't no match for such craft, you see,
And everyone thought it so droll.
They figured she had to be daft, you see,
So all of 'em stood there and laughed, you see.
Poor soul!
Poor thing!

Todd
Noooooooo! Would no one have mercy on her?

Mrs. Lovett
So it is you—Benjamin Barker.

Todd
No, not Barker. That man is dead. It's Todd now.
Sweeney Todd...and he will have his revenge.

5. MY FRIENDS

Todd
These are my friends,
See how they glisten.
See this one shine,
How he smiles in the light.
My friend, my faithful friend.

Speak to me, friend.
Whisper, I'll listen.
I know, I know—
You've been locked out of sight
All these years—
Like me, my friend.

Well, I've come home
To find you waiting.
Home,
And we're together,
And we'll do wonders,
Won't we?

You there, my friend.
Come, let me hold you.
Now, with a sigh

Mrs. Lovett
I'm your friend too, Mr. Todd.
If you only knew, Mr. Todd—
Ooh, Mr. Todd,

You grow warm
In my hand.
My friend.
My clever friend.

Rest now my friends.
Soon I'll unfold you.
Soon you'll know splendors
You never have dreamed
All your days,
My lucky friends.
Till now your shine
Was merely silver.
Friends,
You shall drip rubies,
You'll soon drip precious
Rubies...

You're warm

You've come home.
Always had a fondness for you, I did.

Never you fear, Mr. Todd.
You can move in here, Mr. Todd.
Splendors you never have dreamed
All your days
Will be yours.
I'm your friend.
And you're mine.
Don't they shine beautiful?
Silver's good enough for me,
Mr. T...

Todd
At last, my arm is complete again!

6. Green Finch and Linnet Bird

Johanna

Green finch and linnet bird,
Nightingale, blackbird,
How is it you sing?
How can you jubilate,
Sitting in cages,
Never taking wing?
Outside the sky waits,
Beckoning, beckoning,
Just beyond the bars.
How can you remain,
Staring at the rain,
Maddened by the stars?
How is it you sing anything?
How is it you sing?

My cage has many rooms,
Damask and dark.
Nothing there sings,
Not even my lark.
Larks never will, you know,
When they're captive.
Teach me to be more adaptive.
Ahh...

Green finch and linnet bird,
Nightingale, blackbird,
Teach me how to sing.
If I cannot fly,
Let me sing.

7. Alms! Alms!

Beggar Woman

Alms! Alms!
For a miserable woman...
On a miserable chilly morning.
Thank yer, sir. Thank yer.

Anthony

Ma'am, could you tell me whose house this is?

Beggar Woman

That's the great Judge Turpin's house, that is.

Anthony

And the young lady who resides there?

Beggar Woman

That's Johanna, his pretty little ward. Keeps her snug, he does, all locked up. So don't you go trespassing there or it's a good whipping for you—or any other young man with mischief on his mind.

'Ow would you like a little muff, dear,
A little jig jig,
A little bounce around the bush?
Wouldn't you like to push me parsley?
It looks to me, dear,
Like you got plenty there to push.
Alms! Alms!
For a desperate woman...

8. JOHANNA

Anthony
I feel you,
Johanna,
I feel you.
I was half convinced I'd waken,
Satisfied enough to dream you.
Happily, I was mistaken,
Johanna!

I'll steal you,
Johanna,
I'll steal you.
Do they think that walls can hide you?
Even now I'm at your window.
I am in the dark beside you,
Buried sweetly in your yellow hair.

I feel you,
Johanna,
And one day
I'll steal you.
Till I'm with you then,
I'm with you there,
Sweetly buried in your yellow hair.

9. PIRELLI'S MIRACLE ELIXIR

Tobias
Ladies and gentlemen!
May I have your attention, perlease?
Do you wake every morning in shame and despair
To discover your pillow is covered with hair
Wot ought not to be there?

Well, ladies and gentlemen,
From now on you can waken at ease.
You need never again have a worry or care,
I will show you a miracle marvelous rare.
Gentlemen, you are about to see
Something wot rose from the dead—
On the top of my head!

'Twas Pirelli's
Miracle Elixir,
That's wot did the trick, sir,
True, sir, true.
Was it quick, sir?
Did it in a tick, sir,
Just like an elixir
Ought to do!

How about a bottle, mister?
Only costs a penny, guaranteed.
Does Pirelli's
Stimulate the growth, sir?
You can have my oath, sir,
'Tis unique.
Rub a minute—
Stimulatin', i'n' it?
Soon you'll have to thin it
Once a week!

Todd
Pardon me, ma'am, what's that awful stench?
Must be standing near an open trench!

Mrs. Lovett
Are we standing near an open trench?
Pardon me, sir, what's that awful stench?

Tobias
Buy Pirelli's
Miracle Elixir:
Anything wot's slick, sir,
Soon sprouts curls.
Try Pirelli's!
When they see how thick, sir,
You can have your pick, sir,
Of the girls!

Wanna buy a bottle, missus?

Todd
What is this?
Smells like piss.
Looks like piss.
This is piss. Piss with ink.

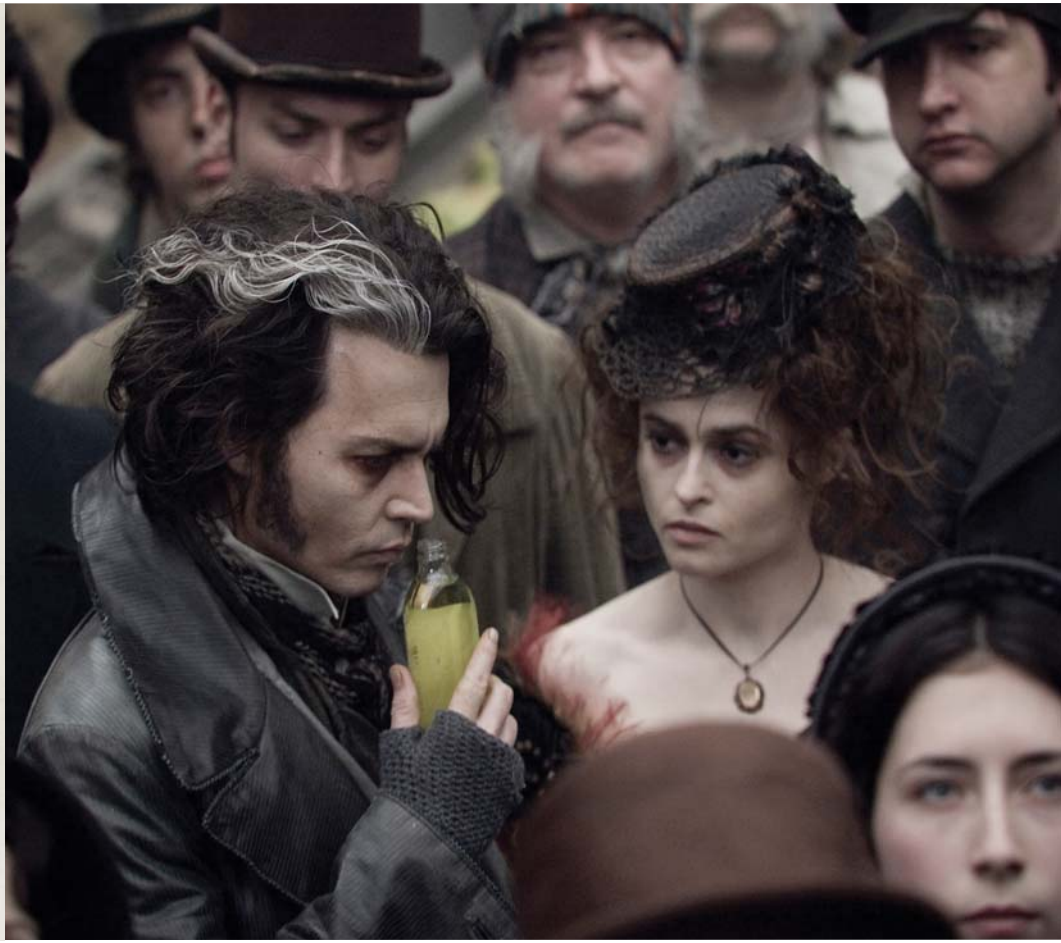
Tobias
Let Pirelli's
Miracle Elixir
Activate your roots, sir—

Todd
Keep it off your boots, sir—
Eats right through.

Tobias
Yes, get Pirelli's!
Use a bottle of it!
Ladies seem to love it—

Mrs. Lovett
Flies do, too!

Mrs. Lovett
What is this?
Smells like—phew!
Wouldn't touch it if I was you, dear.



10. THE CONTEST

Pirelli
I am Adolfo Pirelli,
Da king of da barbers,
Da barber of kings,
E buon giorno, good day,
I blow you a kiss!

And I, da so-famous Pirelli,
I wish-a to know-a
Who has-a da nerve-a to say
My elixir is piss!
Who says this?!

Todd
I do. I am Mr. Sweeney Todd of Fleet Street. I have opened a bottle of Pirelli's elixir, and I say to you that it is nothing but an errant fraud, concocted from piss and ink. And furthermore—"Signor"—I have serviced no kings, yet I wager I can shave a cheek with ten times more dexterity than any street mountebank!

Pirelli
You hear zis foolish man? Now, please, you will see how he will regret his folly!

Todd
Who's for a free shave? Will Beadle Bamford be the judge?

Beadle
Glad, as always, to oblige my friends and neighbors. The fastest, smoothest shave is the winner.

Pirelli
Now, signorini, signori,
We mix-a da lather
But first-a you gather
Around, signorini, signori,
You looking a man
Who have had-a da glory
To shave-a da Pope!
Mr. Sweeney whoever—
I beg-a your pardon—'ll
Probably say it was only a cardinal—
Nope!
It was-a da Pope!

ADOLFO PIRELLI
"KING OF BARBERS BARBER OF KINGS"
Haircutter to
His Royal Majes
the King of Naple

To shave-a da face,
To cut-a da hair,
Require da grace,
Require da flair,
For if-a you slip,
You nick-a da skin,
You clip-a da chin,
You rip-a da lip a bit
Beyond-a repair!

To shave-a da face
Or even a part
Widout it-a smart
Require da heart.
Not just-a da flash,
It take-a panache,
It take-a da passion
For da art.

To shave-a da face,
To trim-a da beard,
To make-a da bristle
Clean like a whistle,
Dis is from early infancy
Da talent give to me
By God!

It take-a da skill,
It take-a da brains,
It take-a da will
To take-a da pains,
It take-a da pace,
It take-a da graaaaaace—

Beadle
The winner is Todd.

11. WAIT

Mrs. Lovett
It's not much of a chair, but it'll do. It was me poor Albert's chair. Sit in it all day long he did, after his leg give out with gout.

Todd
Why doesn't the Beadle come? "Before the week is out," that's what he said.

Mrs. Lovett
And who says the week's out yet? It's only Tuesday.

Easy now.
Hush, love, hush.
Don't distress yourself,
What's your rush?
Keep your thoughts
Nice and lush.
Wait.

Hush, love, hush.
Think it through.
Once it bubbles,
Then what's to do?
Watch it close.
Let it brew.
Wait.

I've been thinking, flowers—
Maybe daisies—
To brighten up the room.
Don't you think some flowers,
Pretty daisies,
Might relieve the gloom?

Ah, wait, love, wait.

Todd
And the Judge? When will we get to him?

Mrs. Lovett
Can't you think of nothing else? Always broodin' away on yer wrongs what happened heaven knows how many years ago—

Slow, love, slow.
Time's so fast.
Now goes quickly—
See, now it's past!
Soon will come.
Soon will last.
Wait.

Don't you know,
Silly man,
Half the fun is to
Plan the plan?
All good things come to
Those who can
Wait.

Gillyflowers, maybe,
'Stead of daisies...
I don't know, though...
What do you think?

12. LADIES IN THEIR SENSITIVITIES

Judge
I have news for you, my friend. In order to shield her from the evils of this world, I have decided to marry my dear Johanna.

Beadle
Ah, sir, happy news indeed.

Judge
Strange, though, when I offered myself to her, she showed a certain reluctance.

Beadle
Excuse me, my lord.
May I request, my lord,
Permission, my lord, to speak?
Forgive me if I suggest, my lord,
You're looking less than your best, my lord,
There's powder upon your vest, my lord,
And stubble upon your cheek.
And ladies, my lord, are weak.

Judge
Stubble, you say? Perhaps I am a little overhasty in the morning.

Beadle
Fret not though, my lord,
I know a place, my lord,
A barber, my lord, of skill.
Thus armed with a shaven face, my lord,
Some eau de cologne to brace my lord
And musk to enhance the chase, my lord,
You'll dazzle the girl until...

Judge
Until?

Beadle
She bows to your every will.

Judge
A barber? Take me to him.

13. PRETTY WOMEN

Judge
Mr. Todd?

Todd
At your service...An honor to receive your patronage, my lord.

Judge
Do you know me, sir?

Todd
Who in this wide world does not know the great Judge Turpin? What may I do for you today, sir? A stylish trimming of the hair? A soothing skin massage? Sit, sir, sit.

Judge
You see, sir, a man infatuate with love,
Her ardent and eager slave.
So fetch the pomade and pumice stone
And lend me a more seductive tone,
A sprinkling perhaps of French cologne,
But first, sir, I think—a shave.

Todd
The closest I ever gave.

Judge
You are in a merry mood today, Mr. Todd.

Todd
'Tis your delight, sir, catching fire
From one man to the next.

Judge
'Tis true, sir, love can still inspire
The blood to pound, the heart leap higher.

Both
What more, what more can man require—

Judge
Than love, sir?

Todd
More than love, sir.

Judge
What, sir?

Todd
Women.

Judge
Ah yes, women.

Todd
Pretty women.

Now then, my friend.
Now to your purpose.
Patience, enjoy it.
Revenge can't be taken in haste.

Judge
Make haste, and if we wed,
You'll be commended, sir.

Todd
My lord...
And who, may it be said,
Is your intended, sir?

Judge
My ward.
And pretty as a rosebud.

Todd
Pretty as her mother?

Judge
What? What was that?

Todd
Oh, nothing, sir. Nothing.

Pretty women...
Fascinating...
Sipping coffee,
Dancing...
Pretty women
Are a wonder—
Pretty women.

Sitting in the window or
Standing on the stair,
Something in them
Cheers the air.

Pretty women...

Judge
Silhouetted...

Todd
Stay within you...

Judge
Glancing...

Todd
Stay forever...

Judge
Breathing lightly...

Todd
Pretty women...

Both
Pretty women!
Blowing out their candles or
Combing out their hair...

Judge
Then they leave...
Even when they leave you
And vanish, they somehow
Can still remain
There with you,
There with you.

Todd

Even when they leave you
They still
Are
There.
They're there.

Both
Ah,
Pretty women...

Todd
At their mirrors...

Judge
In their gardens...

Todd
Letter-writing...

Judge
Flower-picking...

Todd
Weather-watching...

Both
How they make a man sing!
Proof of heaven
As you're living—
Pretty women, sir!

Judge
Pretty women, yes!
Pretty women, sir!
Pretty women!
Pretty women, sir!

Todd
Pretty women, here's to
Pretty women, all the
Pretty women...

14. EPIPHANY

Anthony
Mr. Todd—you have to help me—Mr. Todd, please.
Mr. Todd.

Todd
Out. Out!

Mrs. Lovett
All this shouting and running about—
what's happened?

Todd
I had him!
His throat was bare
Beneath my hand—!

No, I had him!
His throat was there,
And he'll never come again!

Mrs. Lovett
Easy now.
Hush, love, hush,
I keep telling you—

Todd
When?!

Mrs. Lovett
What's your rush?

Todd
Why did I wait?
You told me to wait!
Now he'll never come again!

There's a hole in the world
Like a great black pit
And it's filled with people
Who are filled with shit
And the vermin of the world
Inhabit it—
But not for long!

They all deserve to die!
Tell you why, Mrs. Lovett,
Tell you why...
Because in all of the whole human race,
Mrs. Lovett,
There are two kinds of men and only two.
There's the one staying put
In his proper place
And the one with his foot

In the other one's face—
Look at me, Mrs. Lovett,
Look at you!

No, we all deserve to die!
Even you, Mrs. Lovett,
Even I.
Because the lives of the wicked should be
Made brief.
For the rest of us, death
Will be a relief.
We all deserve to die!

And I'll never see Johanna,
No, I'll never hug my girl to me—
Finished!

All right! You, sir,
How about a shave?
Come and visit
Your good friend Sweeney!
You, sir, too, sir,
Welcome to the grave!
I will have vengeance,
I will have salvation!

Who, sir? You, sir?
No one in the chair,

Come on, come on,
Sweeney's waiting!
I want you bleeders!
You, sir—anybody!
Gentlemen, now don't be shy!
Not one man, no,
Nor ten men,
Nor a hundred
Can assuage me—
I will have you!

And I will get him back
Even as he gloats.
In the meantime I'll practice
On less honorable throats.

And my Lucy lies in ashes
And I'll never see my girl again,
But the work waits,
I'm alive at last
And I'm full of joy!

15. A LITTLE PRIEST

Mrs. Lovett
That's all very well, but what are we going to do about him?

Todd
Later on, when it's dark, we'll take him to some secret place and bury him.

Mrs. Lovett
Oh yeah, of course we could do that. I don't suppose he's got any relatives going to come poking around looking for him.

Seems a downright shame...

Todd
Shame?

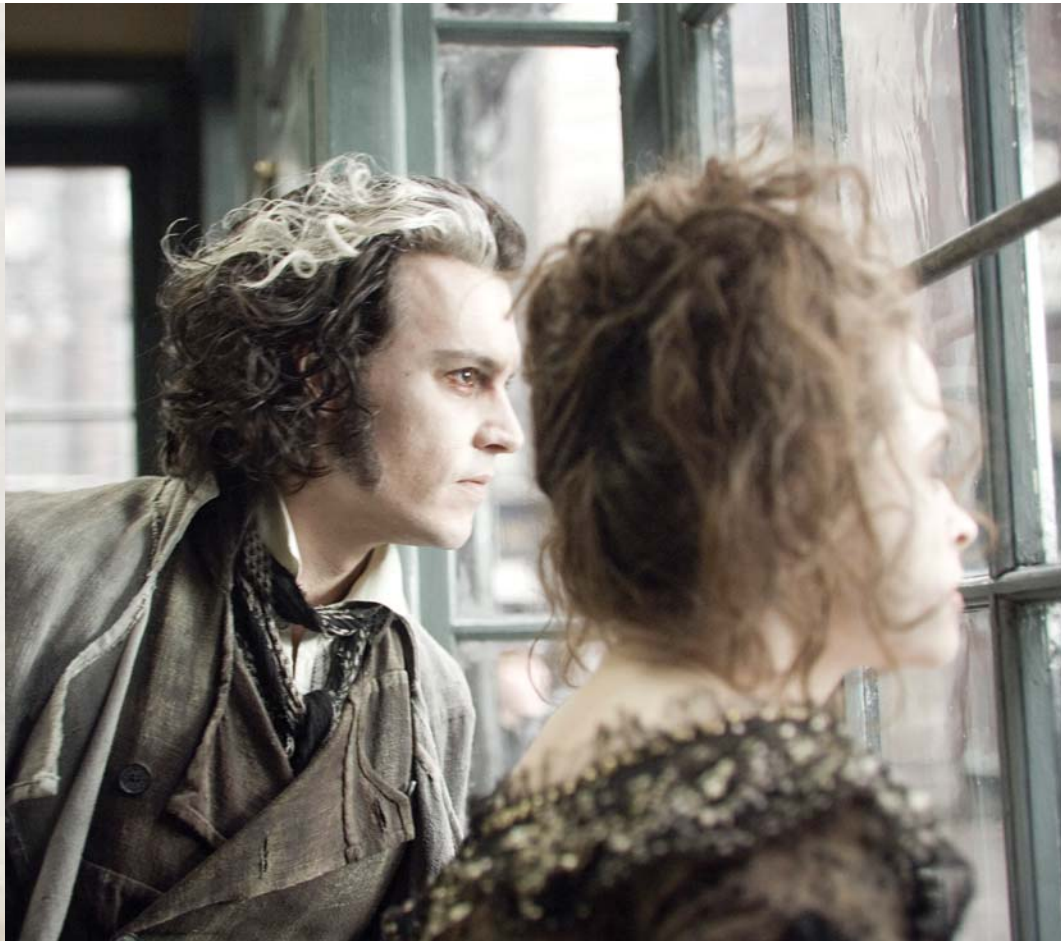
Mrs. Lovett
Seems an awful waste...
Such a nice plump frame
Wot's-his-name
Has...
Had...
Has...
Nor it can't be traced.

Business needs a lift,
Debts to be erased,
Think of it as thrift,
As a gift...
If you get my drift...
Seems an awful waste.

I mean,
With the price of meat what it is,
When you get it,
If you get it—

Todd
Ah!

Mrs. Lovett
Good, you got it.
Take, for instance,
Mrs. Mooney and her pie shop.
Business never better, using only
Pussy cats and toast.
Now a pussy's good for maybe six or
Seven at the most.
And I'm sure they can't compare,
As far as taste—



Todd
Mrs. Lovett,
What a charming notion,
Eminently practical and yet
Appropriate, as always.
Mrs. Lovett
How I did without you
All these years I'll never know!
How delectable!
Also undetectable.

How choice!
How rare!

Todd
For what's the sound of the world out there?

Mrs. Lovett
What, Mr. Todd,
What, Mr. Todd,
What is that sound?

Todd
Those crunching noises pervading the air?

Mrs. Lovett

Well, it does seem a
Waste...

Think about it.
Lots of other gentlemen'll
Soon be coming for a shave,
Won't they?
Think of
All them
Pies!

Mrs. Lovett
Yes, Mr. Todd,
Yes, Mr. Todd,
Yes, all around—

Todd
It's man devouring man, my dear,
And who are we
To deny it in here?

Todd
These are desperate times, Mrs. Lovett,
and desperate measures are called for.

Mrs. Lovett
Here we are, hot out of the oven.

Todd
What is that?

Mrs. Lovett
It's priest.
Have a little priest.

Todd
Is it really good?

Mrs. Lovett

Then who are we
To deny it in here?

Mrs. Lovett
Sir, it's too good,
At least.
Then again, they don't commit sins of the flesh,
So it's pretty fresh.

Todd
Awful lot of fat.

Mrs. Lovett
Only where it sat.

Todd
Haven't you got poet
Or something like that?

Mrs. Lovett
No, you see the trouble with poet
Is, how do you know it's
Deceased?
Try the priest.

Lawyer's rather nice.

Todd
If it's for a price.

Mrs. Lovett
Order something else, though, to follow,
Since no one should swallow
It twice.

Todd
Anything that's lean.

Mrs. Lovett
Well, then, if you're British and loyal,
You might enjoy Royal
Marine.
Anyway, it's clean.
Though, of course, it tastes of wherever it's been.

Todd
Is that squire
On the fire?

Mrs. Lovett
Mercy no, sir,
Look closer,
You'll notice it's grocer.

Todd
Looks thicker.
More like vicar.

Mrs. Lovett
No, it has to be grocer—it's green.

Todd
The history of the world, my love—

Mrs. Lovett
Save a lot of graves,
Do a lot of relatives favors...

Todd
—Is those below serving those up above.

Mrs. Lovett
Everybody shaves,
So there should be plenty of flavors...

Todd
How gratifying for once to know—

Both
—that those above will serve those down below!

Todd
What is that?

Mrs. Lovett
It's fop.
Finest in the shop.

Or we have some shepherd's pie peppered
With actual shepherd
On top.
And I've just begun.
Here's a politician—so oily
It's served with a doily—
Have one?

Todd
Put it on a bun.
Well, you never know if it's going to run.

Mrs. Lovett
Try the friar.
Fried, it's drier.

Todd
No, the clergy is really
Too coarse and too mealy.

Mrs. Lovett
Then actor—
It's compacter.

Todd
Yes, and always arrives overdone.
I'll come again when you

Have Judge on the menu.

Have charity toward the world, my pet—

Mrs. Lovett
Yes, yes, I know, my love—

Todd
We'll take the customers that we can get.

Mrs. Lovett
High-born and low, my love.

Todd
We'll not discriminate great from small.
No, we'll serve anyone—
Meaning anyone—

Mrs. Lovett
We'll serve anyone—

Both
And to anyone
At all!

16. JOHANNA

Anthony
I feel you, Johanna,
I feel you.
Do they think that walls can hide you?
Even now I'm at your window.
I am in the dark beside you,
Buried sweetly in your yellow hair,
Johanna...

Todd
And are you beautiful and pale,
With yellow hair, like her?
I'd want you beautiful and pale,
The way I've dreamed you were,
Johanna...

Anthony
Johanna...

Todd
And if you're beautiful, what then,
With yellow hair, like wheat?
I think we shall not meet again,
My little dove, my sweet
Johanna...

Anthony
I'll steal you,
Johanna...

Todd
Goodbye, Johanna.
You're gone, and yet you're mine.
I'm fine, Johanna,
I'm fine.

Anthony
Johanna...

Beggar Woman
Smoke! Smoke!
Sign of the devil! Sign of the devil!
City on fire!
Witch! Witch!
Smell it, sir! An evil smell!
Every night at the vespers bell—
Smoke that comes from the mouth of Hell—
City on fire!
City on fire!
Mischief! Mischief!
Mischief...

Todd
And if I never hear your voice,
My turtledove, my dear,
I still have reason to rejoice:
The way ahead is clear,
Johanna...

Anthony
I feel you,
Johanna...

Todd
And in that darkness when I'm blind
With what I can't forget
It's always morning in my mind,
My little lamb, my pet,
Johanna...

You stay, Johanna,
The way I've dreamed you are.
Oh look, Johanna,
A star!
A shooting star!

Anthony
Buried sweetly in your yellow hair...

Beggar Woman
There! There!
Somebody, somebody look up there!
Didn't I tell you? Smell that air!
City on fire!
Quick, sir! Run and tell!
Warn 'em all of the witch's spell!
There it is, there it is, the unholy smell!
Tell it to the Beadle and the police as well!
Tell 'em! Tell 'em!
Help! Fiend!
City on fire!
City on fire!
Mischief! Mischief!

Todd
And though I'll think of you, I guess,
Until the day I die,
I think I miss you less and less
As every day goes by,
Johanna...

Anthony
Johanna...

Todd
And you'd be beautiful and pale,
And look too much like her.
If only angels could prevail,
We'd be the way we were,
Johanna...

Anthony
I feel you,
Johanna...

Todd
Wake up, Johanna!
Another bright red day!
We learn, Johanna,
To say
Goodbye...

Anthony
I'll steal you...

17. GOD, THAT'S GOOD!

Tobias
Ladies and gentlemen,
May I have your attention, perlease?
Are your nostrils aquiver and tingling as well
At that delicate, luscious ambrosial smell?
Yes they are, I can tell.
Well, ladies and gentlemen,
That aroma enriching the breeze
Is like nothing compared to its succulent source,
As the gourmets among you will tell you, of course.

Ladies and gentlemen,
You can't imagine the rapture in store—
Just inside of this door!

There you'll sample
Mrs. Lovett's meat pies,
Savory and sweet pies,
As you'll see.
You who eat pies,
Mrs. Lovett's meat pies
Conjure up the treat pies
Used to be!

Mrs. Lovett
Toby!

Tobias
Coming!

Mrs. Lovett
Ale there!

Tobias
Right, mum!

Mrs. Lovett
Quick, now!
Nice to see you, dearie,
How have you been keeping?
Cor, me bones is weary!
Toby!
One for the gentleman...

Hear the birdies cheeping—
Helps to keep it cheery...
Toby!
Throw the old woman out!

What's my secret?
Frankly, dear—forgive my candor—
Family secret,
All to do with herbs.
Things like being
Careful with your coriander,
That's what makes the gravy grander!

Both
Eat them slow and
Feel the crust, how thin she rolled it!
Eat them slow, 'cos
Every one's a prize!
Eat them slow, 'cos
That's the lot and now we've sold it.
Come again tomorrow—

Mrs. Lovett
Hold it!
Bless my eyes—
Fresh supplies!

How about it, dearie?
Be here in a twinkling!
Just confirms my theory.

Tobias
Is that a pie
Fit for a king,
A wondrous sweet
Toby—!
God watches over us.
Didn't have an inkling...
Positively eerie...

Toby!
Throw the old woman out!

And most delectable
Thing?
You see, ma'am, why
There is no meat pie—

18. BY THE SEA

Mrs. Lovett
Ooh, Mr. Todd—
I'm so happy
I could—
Eat you up, I really could!
You know what I'd like to
Do, Mr. Todd?
What I dream—
If the business stays as good,
Where I'd really like to go—
In a year or so...
Don't you want to know?

Todd
Of course.

Mrs. Lovett
Do you really want to know?

Todd
Yes, I do.

Mrs. Lovett
By the sea, Mr. Todd,
That's the life I covet.
By the sea, Mr. Todd,

Ooh, I know you'd love it!
You and me, Mr. T.,
We could be alone
In a house wot we'd almost own,
Down by the sea.

Todd
Anything you say.

Mrs. Lovett
Wouldn't that be smashing?

Think how snug it'll be
Underneath our flannel
When it's just you and me
And the English Channel.
In our cozy retreat,
Kept all neat and tidy,
We'll have chums over every Friday
By the sea...

Don't you love the weather
By the sea?
We'll grow old together
By the seaside,
Hoo! Hoo!
By the beautiful sea!

It'll be so quiet
That who'll come by it
Except a seagull?
Hoo! Hoo!
We shouldn't try it,
Though, till it's legal
For two-hoo!

But a seaside wedding
Could be devised,
Me rumpled bedding
Legitimized.
Me eyelids'll flutter,
I'll turn into butter,
The moment I mutter,
"I do-hoo!"

Down by the sea,
Married nice and proper,
By the sea—
Bring along your chopper
To the seaside,
Hoo! Hoo!
By the beautiful sea!

NOT WHILE I'M AROUND

Tobias
Seems like the Good Lord sent you for me.

Mrs. Lovett
Ah, love, I felt quite the same way.

Tobias
Listen to me, please. You know there's nothing
I wouldn't do for you. Say, if there was someone
around—someone bad—only you didn't know it—

Mrs. Lovett
What is this? What are you talking about?

Tobias
Nothing's gonna harm you,
Not while I'm around.
Nothing's gonna harm you,
No, sir,
Not while I'm around.

Demons are prowling
Everywhere
Nowadays.
I'll send 'em howling,
I don't care.
I got ways.

No one's gonna hurt you,
No one's gonna dare.
Others can desert you—
Not to worry—
Whistle, I'll be there.

Demons'll charm you
With a smile
For a while,
But in time
Nothing can harm you,
Not while I'm around.

Not to worry, not to worry,
I may not be smart, but I ain't dumb.
I can do it,
Put me to it,
Show me something I can overcome.
Not to worry, mum.

Being close and being clever
Ain't like being true.
I don't need to, I won't never
Hide a thing from you,
Like some.

Mrs. Lovett
Now Toby, dear, haven't we had enough foolish chatter? Here, how about I give you a shiny new penny and you can go and get us some toffees?

Tobias
That's Signor Pirelli's purse!

Mrs. Lovett
No, it's not. Just something Mr. T. give me for my birthday.

Tobias
That proves it. We gotta go, ma'am—we gotta find the Beadle and get the law here—

Mrs. Lovett
Shhh, Toby. Hush, now, you're not going anywhere. You just sit here nice and quiet, next to me. That's right.

Nothing's gonna harm you,
Not while I'm around!
Nothing's gonna harm you, darling,
Not while I'm around.

Tobias
Demons'll charm you
With a smile
For a while,
But in time,
Nothing's gonna harm you,
Not while I'm around.

20. FINAL SCENE

Mrs. Lovett
Toby!
Where are you, love?

Where is he?

Nothing's gonna harm you—
Not while I'm around.

Todd
Toby? Toby?

Mrs. Lovett
Nothing's gonna harm you,
Darling—
Not while I'm around.

Todd
Toby...

Anthony
Mr. Todd. You wait for him here. I'll return with the coach in less than half an hour. Don't worry, no one will recognize you. You're safe now.

Johanna
Safe? So we run away and then all our dreams come true?

Anthony
I hope so.

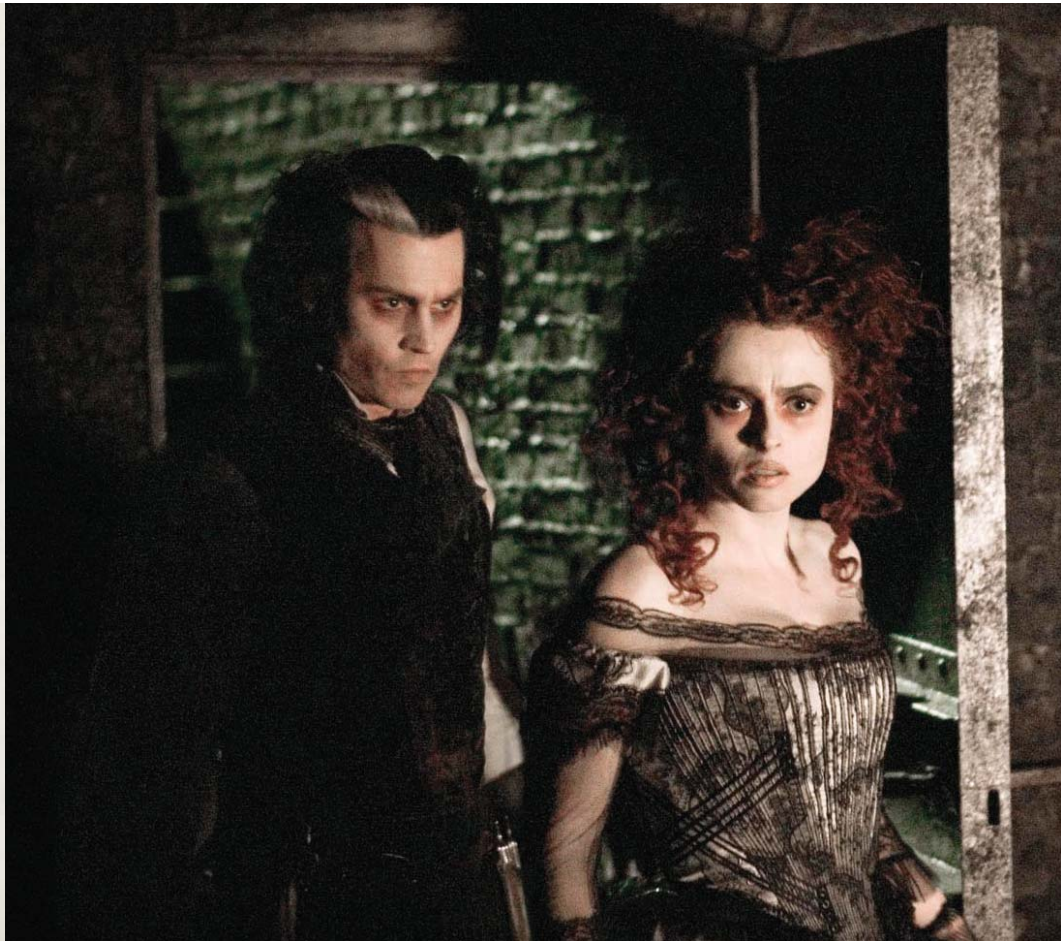
Johanna
I've never had dreams. Only nightmares.

Anthony
Johanna, when we're free of this place, all the ghosts will go away.

Johanna
No, Anthony, they never go away.

Anthony
I'll be right back to you. Half an hour and we'll be free.

Beggar Woman
Beadle!...Beadle!...
No good hiding, I saw you!
Are you in there still?
Beadle!...Beadle!...
Beadle, dear, Beadle...
Beadle deedle deedle deedle deedle dumpling,
Beadle, dumpling, Be-deedle...



Todd
Who are you? What are you doing here!?

Beggar Woman
Evil this is. The stink of evil—from below—from her! She's the devil's wife! Oh, beware her, sir. She with no pity in her heart.

Hey, don't I know you, mister?

Judge
Mr. Todd?
Where is she?

Todd
Below, your honor. With my neighbor. Thank heavens the sailor did not molest her. Thank heavens, too, she has seen the error of her ways.

Judge
She has?

Todd
Oh yes, your lesson was well learned. She speaks only of you, longing for forgiveness.

Judge
Then she shall have it. She'll be here soon, you say?

Todd
Yes.

Judge
Excellent, my friend!

Todd
How about a shave? Sit, sir, sit.

Judge
Ohhhhhh,
Pretty women!

Todd
Pretty women, yes.

Judge
Johanna, Johanna...

Todd
Pretty women...

Pretty women
Are a wonder...

Pretty women!

Judge
What we do for
Pretty women!
Blowing out their candles
Or combing out their hair...
Then they leave...
Even when they leave you
And vanish, they somehow
Can still remain
There with you, there...

Judge
How seldom it is one meets a fellow spirit!

Todd
With fellow tastes—in women, at least.

Judge
What's that?

Todd
The years no doubt have changed me, sir. But then, I suppose, the face of a barber—the face of a prisoner in the dock—is not particularly memorable.

Judge
Benjamin Barker!

Todd

Pretty women!
Blowing out their candles
Or combing out their hair...

Even when they leave,
They still
Are there,
They're there...

Todd
Benjamin Barker!

Rest now, my friend,
Rest now forever.
Sleep now the untroubled
Sleep of the angels...

"Don't I know you?" she said...
You knew she lived.

Mrs. Lovett
I was only thinking of you!

Todd
You lied to me.

Mrs. Lovett
No, no, not lied at all.
No, I never lied.

Todd
Lucy...

Mrs. Lovett
Said she took the poison—she did—
Never said that she died.

Poor thing,
She lived...

Todd
I've come home again...

Mrs. Lovett
But it left her weak in the head,
All she did for months was just lie there in bed—

Todd
Lucy...

Mrs. Lovett
Should've been in hospital,
Wound up in Bedlam instead,
Poor thing!

Todd
Oh, my God...

Mrs. Lovett
Better you should think she was dead.
Yes, I lied 'cos I love you!

Todd
Lucy...

Mrs. Lovett
I'd be twice the wife she was!
I love you!
Could that thing have cared for you
Like me?

Todd
What have I done?!...

Mrs. Lovett,
You're a bloody wonder,
Eminently practical and yet
Appropriate as always.
As you've said repeatedly,
There's little point in dwelling on the past.

Mrs. Lovett
Do you mean it?
Everything I did I swear
I thought
Was only for the best,
Believe me!
Can we still be
Married?

Todd
No, come here, my love...

Not a thing to fear,
My love...
What's dead
Is dead.

Todd
The history of the world, my pet—

Mrs. Lovett
Oh, Mr. Todd,
Ooh, Mr Todd,
Leave it to me...

Todd
Is learn forgiveness and try to forget.

Mrs. Lovett
By the sea, Mr. Todd,
We'll be comfy-cozy,
By the sea, Mr. Todd,
Where there's no one nosy...

Todd
And life is for the alive, my dear,
So let's keep living it—!

Both
Just keep living it,
Really living it—!

Todd
There was a barber and his wife,
And she was beautiful.
A foolish barber and his wife,
She was his reason and his life.
And she was beautiful.
And she was virtuous.
And he was—

COMPOSER AND LYRICIST STEPHEN SONDHEIM

wrote the music and lyrics for *Bounce* (2003), *Passion* (1994), *Assassins* (1991), *Into the Woods* (1987), *Sunday in the Park with George* (1984), *Merrily We Roll Along* (1981), *Sweeney Todd* (1979), *Pacific Overtures* (1976), *The Frogs* (1974), *A Little Night Music* (1973), *Follies* (1971, revised in London 1987), *Company* (1970), *Anyone Can Whistle* (1964), *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to The Forum* (1962), and *Saturday Night* (1955), as well as lyrics for *West Side Story* (1957), *Gypsy* (1959), *Do I Hear a Waltz?* (1965), and additional lyrics for *Candide* (1973). *Side by Side by Sondheim* (1976), *Marry Me a Little* (1981), *You're Gonna Love Tomorrow* (1983), and *Putting It Together* (1992) are anthologies of his work as composer and lyricist. He wrote the songs for the television production *Evening Primrose* (1966), co-authored the film *The Last of Sheila* (1973) and the play *Getting Away with Murder* (1996), and provided incidental music for the plays *The Girls of Summer* (1956), *Invitation to a March* (1961), *Twigs* (1971), and *The Enclave* (1973). For films, he composed the scores of *Stavisky* (1974) and co-composed *Reds* (1981) as well as songs for *Dick Tracy* (1990). Sondheim's previous Nonesuch recordings include *Company* (2007), *Sweeney Todd* (2006), *Bounce* (2004), *Into the Woods* (2002), *The Frogs/Evening Primrose* (2001), and *Saturday Night* (2000).

Mr. Sondheim was born in 1930 and raised in New York City. He graduated from Williams College, winning the Hutchinson Prize for Music Composition, after which he studied theory and composition with Milton Babbitt. He is on the Council of the Dramatists Guild, the national association of playwrights, composers and lyricists, having served as its President from 1973 to 1981, in which year he founded Young Playwrights Inc. to develop and promote the work of American playwrights ages 18 years and younger. In 1983 he was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. In 1990, he was appointed the first Visiting Professor of Contemporary Theatre at Oxford University and in 1993 was a recipient of the Kennedy Center Honors. He has received seven Tony Awards, the 1985 Pulitzer Prize in Drama for *Sunday in the Park with George*, and the 1990 Academy Award for Best Song for "Sooner or Later (I Always Get My Man)" from *Dick Tracy*.

Executive Soundtrack Album Producers:
Tim Burton and Robert Hurwitz

Executive in Charge of Music for Warner Bros. Pictures: Doug Frank

Album Produced by Mike Higham

Orchestra Recorded by Jake Jackson and Geoff Foster at Air Lyndhurst Studios, London
Conducted by Paul Gemignani
Orchestrations by Jonathan Tunick
Additional Orchestrations by Julian Kershaw
Additional Arrangements by Mike Higham and Alex Heffes

Vocals for Mr. Depp Produced by Bruce Witkin
Vocals Recorded by Andy Richards at Out of Eden, London

Rugby School Chapel Organ played by Andy Richards

Music Editors: Sam Southwick, John Warhurst
Mixed By Andy Richards at Out of Eden, London

Mastered by Robert C. Ludwig at Gateway Mastering & DVD, Portland, ME

Design by Gabriele Wilson
Photograph of Stephen Sondheim by Jerry Jackson

For Nonesuch Records:
Production Supervisor: Karina Beznicki
Production Manager: Eli Cane
Editorial Coordinator: Robert Edridge-Waks

Laura Michelle Kelly appears courtesy of EMI/ Angel Records

Music and Lyrics © Rilting Music, Inc. (ASCAP)
All rights administered by Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. (ASCAP)

NONESUCH

368572-6 www.sweeneytoddmovie.com www.nonesuch.com

Nonesuch Records Inc., a Warner Music Group Company, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10104. Motion Picture Artwork and Photography © 2007 DreamWorks LLC and Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. ℗ 2007 Nonesuch Records Inc. for the United States and WEA International Inc. for the world outside of the United States. Warning: Unauthorized reproduction of this recording is prohibited by Federal law and subject to criminal prosecution.